

Transformation

An Easter Story

By CLARISSA MACKIE
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Anne Wilbur walked to the window and looked out at the spring sunshine. Tall, graceful and very lovely, her slender form was silhouetted against the light. There was no one to admire Anne save the little brown-eyed secretary across the room, and she looked and adored with all her foolish heart. She thought it must be glorious to be young and rich and lovely and quite her own mistress, as was the case with her employer, but then the little secretary thought of her own large family of brothers and sisters and was immediately very thankful that she was not as lonely as Anne Wilbur, who lived in the stately house with a cold and stiff guardian aunt.

Miss Wilbur looked out at the sunshine and the deep grassy yard behind the dwelling, with its careful grouping of shrubs, its freshly raked brown earth beds where prim rows of tulips, daffodils and crocuses flaunted their gay dresses.

It was merely a city lot, yet money and skill had combined to make it a pleasant retreat from the glaring streets or the stuffiness of the house in midsummer. Sometimes in the early morning Anne walked along the gravelled paths, but it was used principally by the servants in the big house, who sought relaxation there after the day's work was done.

At the rear wall of the yard there abutted another lot inclosing a shabby cottage which was sadly in need of fresh paint; the neglected yard surrounding it showed the accumulation of a winter's debris. The charitable mantle of snow which had covered it had now melted, exposing old bottles, tin cans, rags, papers and broken boxes to the searching light of the spring sunshine. In all the yard there was not a tuft of green grass, not a flower nor anything that was beautiful—and yet it was spring.

Anne Wilbur owned this shabby cottage, and a succession of destructive tenants had ravaged the place of its original cozy prettiness. At last, despairing of mending it in any semblance to respectability, she had ordered it demolished, only to find that her agent had unwittingly leased the premises to a new tenant. The little secretary had just read this news to her from the agent's letter, and Anne, with an indifferent shrug of her shapely shoulders, had walked to the window that overlooked the cottage.

For a moment there was vexation on her face that her intention had gone awry. The next dissatisfaction disappeared at a sudden remembrance. In a week she was to be married. Her fiancé lived in a distant city. She would not be obliged to contemplate from her rear windows the shabby cottage, the tomato cans, the old brooms, bottomless coal scuttles and broken crockery. It would be for others to view this inartistic scene, while she would look upon more inviting objects.

A moving van was backed up before the door of the cottage, and in its cavernous depths Anne could see a pitiful gathering of furniture. The men began to unload the van, and Anne noted that the few pieces, though somewhat shabby and worn, were of handsome quality and in excellent taste. She also saw that the windows of the house had been brightly polished and that crisp, clean muslin curtains hung within.

These things promised a more ambitious occupant for the house. Anne turned to the secretary, "Miss Blinn, will you please telephone to Mr. Collins and ask him about the new tenant?"

Presently Miss Blinn returned. "Mr. Collins says it is a widow and her little daughter. The mother is employed in a millinery establishment downtown. She seems a quiet, refined young woman, and her name is Rodman, Mrs. Marcia Rodman."

Anne Wilbur dismissed the little secretary and turned once more to the window, pressing her face against the cold glass. The van had gone away and all was silent about the shabby cottage. As she watched with haggard face the back door opened and a woman accompanied by a child came out and looked at the neglected yard.

The woman was small and slight, with a dark, piquant face and sweet lips. There was a flush in her cheeks as she talked to the child, who was a fairytale image of the mother. It was evident that they were discussing the possibilities of improving the yard, and Anne wondered what they could do, for it was plainly to be seen that they were poor. When the mother and child had re-entered the cottage Anne left the window and sat down before the glowing grate fire.

There was a fierce joy in her gray eyes and her fine lips were scarlet with the pressure she exerted to restrain her emotion. It had come her turn at last. Five years before she, Anne Wilbur, a petted daughter of the rich, had lost her lover to the poor woman who now occupied her wretched cottage. The girl had been a nobody, and thriftless Jack Rodman had thrown over friends, position and profession and eloped with the dark-eyed beauty. Jack had died afterward pen-

After standing on his head all night, a prisoner in a narrow grain chute into which he had fallen head first, Charles Stokes, a laborer, was discovered early Sunday morning in the barn of John Hunter of Auburn, N. Y., a local attorney, and rushed to a hospital, where it is said he will recover.

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ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER

And the Romance It Warned Into Happy Realization.

By VIRGINIA L. WENTZ.

It was that most gracious season of all the year perhaps—St. Martin's summer—when the spirit of ripeness which seems to have fled once more holds the land with its intoxicating breath. The fields were studded with tiny Michaelmas daisies, and the hedgerows were brilliant with early goldenrod, but somehow you fancied you smelled the scent of the roses and magnolias as well.

There was quite a group of people out on the small hotel veranda, and most of them were gossiping. Splashing up the poplar shaded country road was a smart little trap. Across the tennis courts the occupants were plainly visible. They were James Walsh and Mrs. John Burgess.

"I say, girls," cried one of the group on the veranda, "it's a crying shame that that elderly person out on the road with the richest man we have up here—crying shame, that's what it is! And I don't think any of us has an atom of 'grit' or 'go' or we'd take the wind out of Mrs. Burgess' sails!"

"Why, she must be all of a hundred!" exclaimed another.

"They say that Mr. Walsh knew her years ago. Wonder where he picked her up. In the ark, I guess!"

"Oh, my dear, long before that," drawled another mockingly. "Long before Noah's time women had ceased to do their hair in that absurd fashion."

Then the quiet girl with the embroidery on her lap spoke softly: "She has a lot of hair anyhow, and it's beautiful, and the way she dresses it suits her features. She reminds me of Albert Durer's 'Madonna'."

"Who's that, Miss Tyson?" interrupted a young fellow in tennis flannels, suddenly appearing in the doorway. "Who's like Durer's 'Madonna'?"

"We were speaking of Mrs. Burgess," answered Miss Tyson without even looking up from her embroidery. "Madonna? Foller!" cried the other girls in concert. "She's a plain, quiet poke of a woman and a designing one at that. She's encouraging him fearfully."

"You see, Miss Tyson," observed Billy, the young chap in flannels, "we get only one or two big matrimonial catches a season up here. It's a waste of time nowadays to listen to the impetuous ardors of early youth. Consequently—"

Billy's words were ambiguous enough, but the comprehensive little sweep which he made with his glance and sun-browned hand, including veranda, girls and all, was limitatively droll. Miss Tyson's gray eyes laughed appreciatively.

They were such nice understanding gray eyes, thought Billy. "Twas a shabby old embroidery should engross so much of their attention. It's a waste of time nowadays to listen to the impetuous ardors of early youth. Consequently—"

"All right," said Miss Tyson cheerfully, folding the bit of linen about the tiny hoop and stowing it away in a tiny bag.

The fancied likeness between Mrs. John Burgess and the "Madonna" of Durer was not without some basis. There was, indeed, a similarity in the weary features, more interesting than beautiful, and in the dolorous, somewhat constrained grace of the stately figure.

Mrs. Burgess was a woman of forty-five. Her manner, her aspect, was that of one who had long since ceased wishing to attract. In point of fact, the wish had never been pronounced. Since her husband's death, which had occurred ten years previously, she had never worn a color. It is to be supposed that Mr. Burgess had loved her. His had been her first and only offer of marriage, but in her girlhood her heart had been given to another.

Most people who knew Mrs. John Burgess thought of her as the mother of her children. She had a son in the west who was making great ventures in cattle and horses, and she had a married daughter in Paris who was writing her constantly of her social triumphs and prosperity. Yes, her children were full of their own plans and projects, and once or twice lately Mrs. Burgess had been a bit surprised to find herself feeling a little lonely and forgotten—a child prodigy of the autumn winds of life. Her summer, indeed, had flown.

Then, just at the correct psychological moment, he came—the man to whom as a girl she had given her heart. Ah, where were the chill autumn winds now? It was St. Martin's summer instead.

James Walsh was a middle-aged, portly, rich man and a widower. He had married somewhat early in his career a noted beauty. A fortnight of wedlock had convinced him that he and his bride had not a single taste in common, but, being a businesslike man, on his return from his tour de duty he'd sized up the matter in this practical fashion:

"Twas the pink chiffon dress at the Van Duyers' ball which was responsible. Only why wasn't it?—But the 'why' wasn't it? In this case hadn't worn a pink chiffon dress, nor had she been at the Van Duyers' ball."

Mr. Walsh had been a widower now

for three years, and he still sighed with a half-abashed sense of relief. "No more matrimonial ventures for me," he'd said to himself, with a laugh, although he had reason to believe that he could lay successful siege to several feminine hearts; that he was still quite capable of victory.

He had been spending August alone up in the mountains, and he had enjoyed a month of feeling, tramping and dreaming to his heart's content. On his way home he'd stop for a week or two at a certain little hotel reported to have good cuisine and rest a strained wrist before going back to business.

Glancing casually over the hotel register, he saw the name of Mrs. John Burgess. There arose in the man's breast a curious sensation, but he pulled himself together.

"How absurd!" he upbraided himself as he walked away from the desk. "As if there were not hundreds of John Burgesses. Why, I might even have coaxed myself into believing that I remembered her handwriting!"

An hour or so later, however, he met her on the lawn. Their eyes unexpectedly encountered one another. "Can it be?" cried he, with boyish incredulity. She extended her hand.

"I think it can," she answered, with that little half smile on the corner of her pure lip which he remembered so well.

Mrs. Burgess had escaped the half-kiln challenge of the middle-aged woman who will not abjure conquest. She did not move to the shade of the tree nor even open her parasol. She stayed precisely where she was, with a streak of harshly revealing sunlight playing havoc with such loveliness as time had left to her. After awhile the warmth of the sun or some other warmth she knew not of brought into her pale cheeks that glow which James Walsh's first roses had brought, oh, so many years ago.

That night time and again Mr. Walsh drove away the memory of the woman's smiling half smile, yet it returned to haunt him with all its old sweet allurements. Finally he fell asleep and dreamed of her.

The next morning at breakfast he found himself unaccountably agitated. She was not in the room when he arrived, and all the other boarders, even the pretty young girl with the quiet gray eyes, seemed to him like so many strangers. What if he had not really seen her yesterday? What if it had all just been in the dream last night?

But at last she came, and the beauty of so radiant a goddess could have pierced so straight into his breast as did this woman's tired loveliness. In her simple white morning gown she seemed to him the soul of sensitive delicacy and serenity.

He recalled how, being essentially feminine, she always pitied suffering, so now he made his strained wrist a pretext for what might be ridiculous in the situation, of the gossip and espionage of the guests. Once or twice she had heard a few scoldings, with a note of mirth, at the devotion of Mr. Walsh, and it had made her super-sensitive.

Mr. Walsh's intended week was prolonged to a fortnight. During that time his eyes followed Mrs. Burgess, and indeed, his feet did also. Very much more frequently than she herself approved. She thought of her position, her children, of what might be ridiculous in the situation, of the gossip and espionage of the guests. Once or twice she had heard a few scoldings, with a note of mirth, at the devotion of Mr. Walsh, and it had made her super-sensitive.

But all of these trivial objections vanished like mist before the sun on the day when he laid his heart bare before her, when he showed her that beneath his apparent prosperity he was hungry—he had always been hungry—for companionship and sympathy.

"And you could make me so happy, oh, so happy, dear, if you would marry me," he was saying as they walked slowly along the road the day before his departure. Her arm lay lightly upon his, her eyes were shining, and there was a warm girlish tint in her pale cheeks.

"Won't you? I need you so!" he pleaded. Just then they were passing a huge willow tree.

Now, veiled and shadowed from the world by the willow's drooping green, sitting on the lush grass were two young people to whom love had just sung its first sweet song. Naturally they'd started a bit when they heard approaching footsteps, but they might have spared the start. Neither of them was observed.

"I always did think Mrs. Burgess was sweet looking," said Miss Tyson, absently pressing a cold, bending branch of willow across her hot cheek, "but just then she looked positively beautiful."

"Yes, sweetheart," acquiesced the wise Billy. "Why shouldn't she? She's having her St. Martin's summer, you see."

William Henry Harrison.

President William Henry Harrison's inauguration day was dark and foreboding. The new president rode on horseback in a two-hour procession through the streets of the city, after which he stood for another exposed, without cloak or overcoat, to a keen, chilling wind while delivering his inaugural address. When night came he was very much exhausted, but he seemed to recover from the effect of this exposure, and the new administration was launched with Daniel Webster at the helm as secretary of state.

The president was besieged with office seekers, and he overworked and was soon stricken with a chill which speedily developed into pneumonia. On the 4th of April, half an hour after midnight, Harrison was dead, his last words being, "May the principles of government be carried out."

Herbert M. Stanley, divinity student at Sewanee, Tenn., is dead of a five-year attack of hemorrhoids, following an attack of typhoid fever.

Arrived at New York, Lewis Einstein, first secretary of the American legation at Peking, says 3,000,000 are dying of starvation in China.

Elim Tree Press. Fine Printing

The House of Representatives has extended the right of debate to the two delegates from the Philippine islands.

An East St. Louis, Ill., jury has refused to grant a divorce to Mrs. Hannah Rebecca Rowell because her husband apkened her.

Rangers in the national forests will be supplied with portable telephone sets as an aid in fighting forest fires.

Elim Tree Press. Fine Printing

FOR THE CHILDREN

Guarding the Treasure.

The equipment for the game is not difficult to procure. Cans are always available. Decide by counting out who shall be "it," or the miser who must guard his treasure. The miser will take a position directly over the can, his treasure, one foot on each side. At least, this is the position usually chosen as being the best suited for guarding the can.

There is no rule, however, about this, and some boys prefer other defenses, as standing just behind the can or continually moving about it. The rest of the boys are robbers and circle about it, attempting to steal the treasure, or, in other words, kick it away without being tagged. If one succeeds another immediately kicks it, and away goes the can down the street with a crowd of yelling robbers after it, doing their best to keep the poor miser from regaining his position over the treasure. If the miser succeeds in tagging any boy who has kicked the can before another boy kicks it, the boy tagged becomes the miser and must stand over the treasure.

Hold Fast.

Even the tots can play at the good game of "hold fast," while even the older boys and girls will find it sufficiently puzzling to make a quarter hour pass blithely. The only requisite is a number of lengths of tape all of the same number of inches, or if the tape is not at hand cut silesia or any cotton goods into narrow strips and use this. The person who leads the game holds one end of each of the tapes. The opposite end of each strip is held by some other player, and all players other than the leader form a semicircle, which the leader himself must stand facing. When the leader says "Hold fast!" all players must let go their tapes, and when he says "Let go!" they must, on the contrary, hold them fast. Any one obeying the commands literally, as some are sure to do, must pay forfeits.

Not Such a Goose After All.

Geese can tell their eggs from others that are very much like them. A goose that was sitting on several eggs was supplied by the dairymaid with an equal number of duck's eggs because she thought that so large a bird ought to be able to hatch a larger brood than her own. But the next morning the girl found all the duck eggs on the ground. They had been taken out of the nest and placed there without breaking. She put them back again, but it was of no use. The goose would have nothing to do with them and deposited them on the ground as before. Fearing lest she should leave the nest in disgust, the dairymaid did not dare to persevere with the duck eggs, and Madam Goose came off triumphant from the contest.

The Largest Cake Ever Baked.

The largest cake ever baked was ordered by Augustus, king of Saxony, when entertaining Frederick William, king of Prussia, June, 1730. Five thousand eggs, one ton of milk, one ton of butter, one ton of yeast and thirty-six bushels of flour, besides flavors and trimmings, were used. All around the immense outside ran a trimming of biscuits and gingerbread nuts.

Eight horses were used to draw it into camp on a special wooden platform made for the purpose with a tent raised over it. It was cut by a carpenter with a gigantic knife, a knife of such size that the handle rested on its shoulder as he used it.

As for the eating, it is sufficient to say that it was brought into a camp of 30,000 soldiers.

About Drums.

Drums have always been made by native races, who use them to help drive away evil spirits, to terrify their foes, to make their men fight better and to summon friends together. They are of all sizes, shapes and shapes. In China drums are made of baked clay, bowl shaped, with a skin stretched across the top. A drum from Central America is cone shaped, over four feet in height and is hollowed out of a solid block of wood. An Ashanti drum is shaped like a large bottle. A Mandingo drum resembles a teapole upside down, and a Friendly island drum, between four and five feet high, is like a hollowed post with a head of leather not more than six inches across.

What the Elephant Had.

Money is the root of all evil, they say, and certainly it proved uncomfortable enough for Hattie, one of the elephants in the zoo at Central park, New York. Hattie was punished for the sin of covetousness. She limped when she walked, and the keeper thought that her corns must be hurting her. He cut off the corns, but Hattie still limped, and then he poked about in her feet to find what was wrong. He found several blisters—a lot of little pebbles, a good sized marble and a silver quarter. The corns had made all the trouble, because it had been wedged into a tender part of the foot.

Mary's Chibblains.

"My chibblains hurt me, though it's spring," said Mary to her cat. "Don't cry, my dear," Bob answered her. "I know a cure for that."

"You just look up your skipping rope and use it well each day. And in a week you mark my words. You'll find they've gone away."

So Mary skipped with Bob each day. And in a week had had her chibblains all well.

Maple Syrup Cake.

Cream one-half pound of butter with two cups of sugar, add four well beaten eggs, two cups of maple syrup, one cup of milk, a pinch of salt, six cups of flour and nutmeg to flavor.

Baked Hash.

Chop up the fine enough cold meat to fill one cup and mix it with two cups of boiled rice, two cups of stewed tomatoes and one-half cup of bread crumbs. Season with salt, pepper and butter and bake for half an hour.

Mending Granite Ware.

To successfully mend granite ware and porcelain lined pans and cooking utensils, mix kitharge and glycerin to consistency of putty and apply to worn surface or holes. Let stand until hardened and it will have received a new lease of life.

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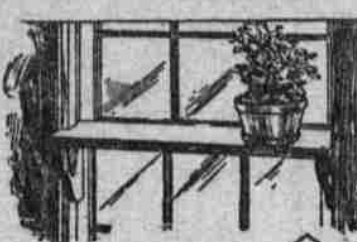
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HINTS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

Convenient Window Shelf For Flowerpots.



On the ledge formed by the top part of the lower sash of the window fit a board seven inches wide into each side of the casing by cutting away the ends. Place a small bracket at each end of the shelf so that it will fit solidly against the lower window sash to support the weight of the plants.

One of the brackets should be nailed to the shelf and the other held in place with a hinge, the reason being that if both were solid the shelf could not be put on the window, as one end must be dropped in place before the other. Such a shelf will hold all the plants a person can put on it. When not in use it can be removed without marring the casing.

Putting Quicksilver on Mirrors.

Pour upon a sheet of tin foil three drams of quicksilver to the square foot of foil. Rub smartly with a piece of buckskin until the foil becomes brilliant. Lay the glass upon a flat table face downward. Place the foil upon the glass, lay a sheet of paper over the foil and place upon it a block of wood or a piece of marble with a perfect flat surface. Put upon it sufficient weight to press it down tight. Let it remain in this position a few hours. The foil will adhere to the glass.

Potato Yeast.

Take six large potatoes, peeled and grated, pour boiling water on and cook same as starch. Let boil a few minutes, then set to cool. When blood warm add one-half cupful of sugar, one-third cupful of salt, two yeast cakes that have been softened in a little warm water. Cover and set in a warm place to rise. This makes nearly two gallons. Use half yeast and half lukewarm water when making bread. It will keep for months in a cool place.

Johnnycakes.

Take one cupful of cornmeal, two cupfuls of white flour, one-half cupful of sugar, salt, one egg, well beaten; one cupful of sweet milk, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-quarter of a cupful of melted butter. Stir all together and beat vigorously for a moment. Turn into a well buttered pan and bake in a moderate oven twenty-five minutes. Sour milk can be used, but use soda with it, one level teaspoonful.

Smoked Salmon on Toast.

Cut the salmon into suitable strips, pour boiling water over them and parboil for ten minutes. Wipe dry, place them in a saucepan with a good sized piece of butter and a little boiling water and simmer gently, with frequent stirring, until the liquid has been absorbed. Season with pepper, butter and lemon juice, toss and serve on slices of delicately browned toast.

Homemade Soap.

Five pounds of grease, one can of lye and one tablespoonful of borax. Dissolve the lye in five cups of cold water. When the grease and lye are blood warm strain both in a pan and stir ten minutes, then pour in a baking pan. The grease must be tried out nicely and when cold weighed. Be careful about the lye, as it is apt to burn the hands.

Rice Pudding.

Four cupfuls of cold boiled rice, two cupfuls of sugar, two cupfuls of dried apricots, one cupful of boiling water. Arrange in layers, first rice, then fruit, sugar, and so on, having rice on top. Pour boiling water over the top and bake one hour covered closely. Serve with cream or milk.

Irish Moss Blancmange.

One cupful moss nicely washed and soaked in water two hours, then remove moss from water and slinger in one quart of milk about one hour. Then strain through a fine sieve and add flavoring if desired. Pour into molds to harden and serve with sugar and cream.

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IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Bobby Wallace, New Manager of St. Louis Americans.



The ability of Bobby Wallace to make good as the manager of the St. Louis Browns is the popular topic of the fans in the Mound City at the present time. Bobby has always been a good ball player, and his record on the field is one that the best of the diamond stars might be proud of. His friends feel sure that he will be equally successful in his new berth, provide he is given full power over the players. Of course Wallace may not bring the Browns up from last place to champions in a year, but his handling of the team will pave the way for dramatic results in following seasons. Wallace belongs to the silent class of ball players, his methods being those of Frank Chance and Connie Mack rather than the blustery, noisy sort. He has delivered his ultimatum to the players and the latter will have to knuckle down and deliver the goods if they expect to get along with the new manager.

Goulding After Olympic Title.

George Goulding, the famous walker, who broke the American record for walking two miles in New York recently, is pointing for the Olympic games, which will be held in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1912. Despite the fact that Goulding is breaking records at the present time, he is not now at the top of his form. The Toronto wonder is conserving his energy for next year, and, beyond taking long walks and going into a race now and then, Goulding is doing very little athletic work. Goulding's hopes are for the Swedish Olympiad. It is his intense desire to win the walking events at Stockholm in world's record time and then retire as an undefeated champion.

Chess Men to Go Abroad.

Appreciating the good showing made by American representatives, particularly Capablanca and Marshall, in the tournaments abroad, Europeans are disposed to extend the hand of fellowship to others of the experts of this country with a view to their participation in future international congresses.

The next tourney scheduled to hold on the other side will be at Carlsbad, in Bohemia, next August.

Victor Tietz, president of the Carlsbad Chess club, has written to New York experts inquiring about Oscar Charles of Chicago and Charles J. Marshall and Capablanca in the recent national masters' tournament, tied for third and fourth prizes. It is the intention of the Carlsbad committee to invite both of these clever experts and give them an opportunity to show their ability in an international contest.

Thompson to Compete Again.

Fred Thompson, who won the around championships at Chicago in fall, says he is anxious to compete again for the title and that he will start training at Princeton.

The biggest reason for causing us to wish to enter the all-around game this year is not the lure of the game but to feel that I have had a fair chance at Sheridan's record," says Thompson. "It is a very easy thing to argue from a qualified success in the past to an unqualified and unfounded success in the future, but I feel that I will be able to do 800 points."

"This will be my last attempt," says Thompson, who is a theological student at Princeton. "I do not care particularly for athletics in general, but here I can make a score in the rounds that will better the record a few hundred points."

Pitcher Has Jaw Breaking Name.